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Real Estate Specials

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Torrance

Wanted Listings

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Two Business Lots, close in
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HOMES FOR SALE—Built to your order, on the best lots in Torrance. From \$500 to \$750 down; the balance as rent. If you are a steady worker we will finance and build you a home that you will be proud to own.

You RENTERS, this is your chance to bank some of those dollars that go for rent. We do not care to sell to investors, but want to sell our houses to people that want a home of their own. Address Box 758, Torrance, Calif. J-8-11

FOR SALE—Lot and small house in the Miller tract, with full oil rights. Price \$2700. Easy terms. New York Store, Carson and Cabrillo, Torrance. J-8-11-pd.

FOR SALE—Two sizes of mirror glass, one piece 20x24, another 20x18. New, never been used. Will sell cheap. Chas. Lapping, Paint and Decorating Co., Mosk Bldg., Torrance. J-8-11

FOR SALE—Two acres, priced for quick sale; near Peterson-Barker lease. See owner at southeast corner of Carson and Hoover, Keystone. J-8-11-pd.

FOR SALE—Four-room, new, modern house, by owner. 2222 Andree avenue, Torrance. J-8-11-pd.

FOR SALE—Quackless Muscovy ducks; all sizes. 1359 Cypress street, Lomita. J-8-11-pd.

FOR SALE—Wonderful value in new rugs. 6x9 Tapestry, \$14.75; 8-3x 10-6 Axminster, \$39; 7-6x9 Congo-lem, \$9; 9-12 Congo-lem, \$11; grass rugs, \$5.45. All prices smashed on new gas stoves. King's, the Furniture Man, Harbor City. J-1-1f

FOR SALE—Choice residence lots, \$900 to \$1500. Improvements in. Also oil acreage. A. H. Anderson & Co., 2635 Redondo-Wilmington Blvd., Lomita. J-1-1f

FOR SALE—I have subdivided my ten-acre ranch into beautiful residence lots which lay high and dry. Anyone interested see owner at 3105 Arizona street, Lomita. J-1-1f

FOR SALE—Cheap, small photograph with fifty records. 3119 West Palm, Lomita. J-1-2-pd.

WE SPECIALIZE in the selling and renting of homes. We will appreciate your listings. Mrs. Fanny C. King, Erwin Block, El Prado street, Torrance. J-8-11

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—LARGE, AIRY, MODERN OFFICE FURNISH, EIGHT ROOMS AND APARTMENTS. ERWIN HOTEL, OPPOSITE CITY HALL. BEST LOCATION IN TORRANCE. J-1-1f

FIVE ROOM BUNGALOW, partly furnished, at 1827 Andree avenue. See C. E. Ackley, 2005 Arlington, or E. X. Andean, 1751 Gramercy avenue. Tel. 35. J-8-11-pd.

FOR RENT—Small house, one large room, kitchenette, clothes closet, screen porch, electricity and gas. 3065 Weston street, Lomita. J-8-11-pd.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, suitable for one or two gentlemen. 2067 Carson street, Torrance. J-8-11-pd.

FOR RENT—Nice bedroom, adjoining bath; \$4 per week. Call Sunday or Monday, 1403 Amapala street, Torrance. J-8-11

WANTED

LISTINGS WANTED

We have buyers for lots, acreage, houses, oil lands, in fact anything you wish to sell.

BABCOCK & JONES

Real Estate and Insurance
Auditorium Bldg. Telephone 133-J
Torrance

EXPERIENCED seamstress wishes work, plain or fancy. 2015 Plaza del Amo, near Arlington Avenue, Torrance. J-8-31-pd.

WANTED—Waitresses at Golden West Cafe. Inquire at once. Ask for Mr. Felley. J-8-11

WANTED—Unfurnished, modern five or six-room house by June 15. Call Wilmington 222-W. J-1-2f

WANTED—Listings. Cash bona fide buyers waiting. Vonderahe & Crowell, Vonderahe Bldg., corner Cabrillo and Carson. M-4-1f

WANTED—General carpenter work, repairing furniture, laying linoleum, etc. J. J. Boatman, Brighton Apts., Torrance. M-11-1f

WANTED—Real Estate. List your properties with the Nell Realty Company. S-29-1f

CHURCH WEDDING PRETTY EVENT WEDNESDAY

A pretty wedding was celebrated at one o'clock Wednesday afternoon, May 30, in the Central Evangelical church when, under a bower of ferns, roses and tinted blossoms in a church filled with friends, Miss Lillian May Bailey and Francis R. Hughes were made man and wife by the Rev. Francis A. Zeller, pastor of the church.

During the interval before the arrival of the bridal party, D. Davis, claim agent of the Pacific Electric at San Pedro, played Mendelssohn's wedding march. "The Voice That Breathes O'er Eden," and then as the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march was heard the church doors opened and the bridal party entered.

Mr. Hughes and his best man, Edward Casper, led the way to the chancel, where with Mr. Zeller, they awaited the bride, Miss Bailey, clad in a white silk dress, with a bridal veil bound to her brow with a wreath of orange blossoms and carrying a beautiful bouquet, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. John Carsten of Keystone, entered on the arm of her father, George E. Bailey. They were preceded by Master Carl Stagmaier and little Miss Anna May Stagmaier, cousins of the bride, carrying baskets of flowers and followed by Miss Marie Saulsbury, the bridesmaid, in a white gown, and carrying a beautiful bouquet. The bride was given into the keeping of her husband by her father. After the ceremony the bridal party and their guests went to the home of the bride's parents at 1218 221st street, Torrance Park, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served to more than seventy guests.

Following an old English custom the automobiles that conveyed the bridal party to and from the church were prettily decorated with flowers and white ribbons.

The house and breakfast tables were decorated with beautiful flowers, which like those in the church were the gift of friends as a token of the love and respect in which the young couple are held. On account of business interests it was impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Hughes to take a wedding journey but they expect to leave a little later for a trip through the eastern states and to England, where they will visit Mr. Hughes' father. They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bailey, of Torrance Park, who came to the United States from Birmingham, England, when Miss Bailey was but seven years old. For several years they made their home in Warren, Ohio, and later came to California, being among the earlier residents in Torrance Park. Mrs. Hughes was held in high esteem by her associates at the P. E. shops, where she was employed for three years.

The groom, born in Hereford, England, served throughout the World War, and was in a hospital many months from injuries received in action.

Arriving in Torrance three years ago, Mr. Hughes was employed as clerk in the P. E. station and later transferred to San Pedro and promoted to the position of cashier. Three months ago he purchased the Torrance Feed and Fuel business from W. C. Close.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. D. Davies, A. M. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smithson, Miss Lillian Smithson, of San Pedro; Mrs. Raymond G. Andrews and daughter Nora, Glendale; Mrs. B. K. Rogers (Ma), Gardena; Mrs. Hattie Sammonds, D. H. Leonard, Redondo Beach; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Casper, Ed Casper, Jr., John Casper, Misses Elizabeth and Mary Casper, Mr. and Mrs.

WANTED—Wanted, young rabbits and Poultry of all kinds. R. H. Trunnell, 1428 Oak St., Lomita. M-24-1f

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Pair black rim glasses. Reward for return to Mrs. King's Torrance office in Erwin Bldg., Torrance. J-8-11-pd.

MISCELLANEOUS

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We have money to loan to help build homes. Let us give you details.

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WOULD LIKE good subdivision, forty acres or more; anywhere between Long Beach and Los Angeles, on main thoroughfares, close to transportation. Have parties with \$100,000 cash, and will assume up to \$500,000. Price and terms must be right. See L. E. Grimm personally, Room 1, Erwin Bldg., Torrance, Calif. M-18-1f

THE TORRANCE INVESTMENT CO. Will build you a house where you want it, and to suit your ideas, on payments.
If you want to buy anything or sell anything be sure to see us.
We want your listings. Phone 176 Dominguez Land Bldg. Phone 176

NOTICE—We are now in our new home, 1209 1/2 El Prado, next door to Chamber of Commerce. Give us your listings for a quick sale. See us for city and acreage properties, priced right.
SCULLY & COX J-1-1f

FIRE INSURANCE
I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON YOUR FIRE INSURANCE. I AM THE SOLE REPRESENTATIVE IN THIS DISTRICT FOR THE NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. E. P. YOUNG, WITH THE TORRANCE-LOMITA REALTY COMPANY
2703 ARLINGTON STREET

ENTERTAINS FOR MOTHER

A delightful party was given by Leone Duffy at her home last Monday in honor of her mother's birthday anniversary. Delicious refreshments were served to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Charles Ovelman, Mrs. J. J. Duce and about twenty young folks.

TORRANCE HAS THEM ALL BEAT

A. G. Solomon writes that he passed through the old home town on his way to New York, and it had the effect of making "good old Torrance look better than good" to him.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stranahan and daughter Ruth of Whittier were visitors here last week and attended the laying of the cornerstone of the M. E. church.

Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Coker and family, Mrs. C. Jones, Steve Muschall (all by myself?) Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, Miss Eva Smith, Fred Gibson, of Torrance Park; Mr. and Mrs. Karl Stagmaier and family, G. Stagmaier, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLaren, Misses Jean and Lavina, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Saulsbury, Misses Marie and Edna Saulsbury, of Keystone, Miss Louise Sherman, T. D. Halliwell and J. C. Anderson, Torrance.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

(Continued from Last Week)
CHAPTER VI

The Vault in the Woods.

We found Currie waiting for us in one of his large cars, with his chauffeur. There were few cars on the road, and in a very short time we arrived in Saratoga.

We left the car before one of the hotels and followed Bartley to the public library. Bartley spent several moments glancing through the card catalogue before he crossed to the loan desk, and asked the pretty young librarian for "Griffith's Mysteries of Crimes." She returned in a moment with two volumes, bound in red cloth. Bartley opened one to the place where the date when a book is taken out is stamped. There was only one date on the white slip, and Bartley copied it in his notebook. Then, turning to the librarian, he asked her how they had happened to buy the book, and if she knew who it was that had taken it from the library the one time it had gone out.

Looking through her cards, she told him that the book had been a gift, and that the only person that had ever taken it out was James Briffleur. Bartley raised his eyebrows in surprise but did not ask her anything more.

As soon as we were again on the street, he told us that so far as he knew the only account of the Edlingham burglary, other than the one in the rare pamphlet that he owned, had been published in the volumes he had been glancing at. Currie, of course, did not understand what he was talking about; and Bartley gave him the details of the English crime, and ended by saying that, from the very first it had been his opinion that whoever had faked the burglary at Slyke's had read the account of the English crime. Then, with a little rueful smile, he added that the one person who had taken the book from the library was Slyke's chauffeur.

He might have said more had we not reached Currie's club just then. We sat and talked until about eleven o'clock; then we started to walk home.

As we were leaving the club, we met a young man whom Currie introduced to us as Captain Lowe, commander of the local branch of the state police. As he was going in our direction, we fell into step together; and he told us of his work and how the state troopers had reduced crime so much that farmers' wives now had a sense of security, even in the most remote country districts. The greatest trouble they had at present, he told us with a laugh, was with the smuggling of whiskey, not only into Saratoga but even as far as Albany and Troy. Though they knew that a good deal of whiskey was getting through, they could not discover who was running it. At the barracks he bade us goodnight.

As we passed the driveway that led into the Slyke grounds, Currie told us that it ran through nearly a mile of dense woods before it reached the house. We were about a thousand feet beyond the entrance when Bartley suddenly stopped.

"What's that?" he asked in a low voice.

I listened a moment, but the only thing I could hear was the horn of a distant automobile.

Bartley continued, "I thought I heard a car in the woods, there on the left."

Currie, who was a few feet in front of us, laughed. "John," he said, "you're hearing things. No car can be in those woods. Those are the trees you see from my house, and they stretch for some miles without a break. Slyke owns this part of them. You could not have heard a car."

Bartley placed his hand on his friend's shoulder. "That's what I thought, Bob. But I did hear a motor; of that I am sure."

He paused, then added suddenly, "Listen! There it is once more."

This time we all heard the faint sound of a motor running slowly and with difficulty. There was no doubt of it; it came from the woods before

us. It sounded as if a car were running a few feet, then stopping, as it would do on a very bad road when having difficulty in getting through.

As we stood listening to the strange sound coming through the woods, Bartley said: "You say, Currie, that there is no road there, yet by the sound of it I should say that was a truck. What do you say to going and finding out what it means?"

Currie gave an exclamation of disgust. "But it's none of our business, John."

"Just at the present moment, everything that takes place on Slyke's estate is our business. I want to know what a car is doing in those woods at this time of night."

"Oh, I'm game if the rest of you are," Currie responded.

With a caution from Bartley not to make any noise, we left the road and entered the woods. It was lucky for us that there were not many vines or much underbrush, or we should not have gotten very far. There was no path, and we fell over stumps and broken branches and bumped into trees at almost every step. Bartley had a pocket torch with him, but he did not want to use it. Once or twice, though, he did flash it for a second so that we could disentangle ourselves from the vines that had wrapped themselves around our feet.

We had not heard the motor for several moments when a car loomed so suddenly out of the shadowy darkness ahead of us that we almost fell over it. It was a great truck, loaded with small cases. Upon its top, a little darker than the night, we made out the figures of two men, while a third disentangled itself from the gloom in front of the car with a muffled oath, and climbed to the driver's seat. The car started forward with a lunge along the road, if it could be called such, that had been made by felling trees and leaving their stumps still standing. The driver must have been familiar with it, for no one who was not could have driven that truck over it without lights.

"I want to get the number," Bartley whispered, as it lurched ahead.

He crept softly up behind the slowly moving car. For the faintest part of a second I saw the flash of his light. The next he was back at our side.

"There is no license plate on the car. There's something wrong there. Come along!"

As the truck, lurching from side to side, was not going faster than three miles an hour, we had no difficulty in keeping up with it. We had followed it for perhaps five minutes when it came out suddenly onto the road that Currie said led to Slyke's house. Here it paused, the motor running softly. We crept closer and heard a voice say, "Well, Jim, here's to luck. We will make a run of it."

Just at this moment Currie tripped over a root. He tried to save himself, grabbed at my arm, missed, and went to the ground with a loud crash. As he fell, Bartley jerked me to one side and threw me on my face. The sound of Currie's fall was like a young earthquake, and did not escape those on the truck. As I went down I saw one of the men turn and fire. The next second, gaining speed with every foot, the truck shot down the road.

With the truck gone we no longer needed to hide; we rose and rushed to Currie to see if he were shot. As Bartley's light flashed over him, we discovered that he was sitting up, and swearing to himself. His face was covered with dirt and one eye was beginning to turn black, but he was otherwise unharmed.

"John," he demanded, "what the devil made that tire explode?"

"That was not a tire, Bob. Someone on the truck heard you as you fell and took a shot at you."

"Took a shot at me?" cried Currie, in utter disbelief. "My G—, why?"

Bartley helped him to his feet and brushed the dirt from his clothes before he answered: "It's a darned good thing they missed you. Those men on top of the boxes were there to protect them. I wonder what was in them."

Bartley was anxious to learn what that truck was doing in the woods, and why the men on it were so determined that no one should know what they were carrying, that they were willing to risk upon anyone who interfered. As we followed the tracks with the aid of Bartley's pocket torch,

we saw that the wheels had sunk a foot into the sod in places, and that more than one heavily loaded truck had passed this way.

We followed the road for about half a mile before it ended in a clearing, a quarter of an acre square.

Bartley examined the four sides of the clearing, carefully before he came back to us and said, in a voice that sounded strange in the darkness, "The road ends here. I have an idea that this is where they got their load."

Currie had been peering through the darkness as the flashes of Bartley's light shot between the trees. "I have a fool idea, John," he said slowly, "that I know where we are."

"You do?" came the eager response.

"Yes. If I am not mistaken, we are within a hundred yards of the old cemetery that is on Slyke's ground. It must be over a hundred years old, and was founded by the early settlers. Several years ago Slyke showed me the place. We had the devil of a time reaching it, for there was no path to it. All there is left of it is an old vault and half a dozen stumbling tombstones."

I was unable to see Bartley's face, but his voice was eager.

"A vault! What kind?" he asked.

"Why," replied Currie, "just a vault. One of those things dug into the side of a hill where dead bodies are placed. If I am right, there is a small hill only a few yards from here."

Bartley turned and, flashing his light on the ground, moved it slowly back and forth as he advanced. He paused and bent to examine the ground.

"I guess I have it," he called to us. "Here are footprints."

Without giving us time to examine them, he went deeper into the woods, and we followed. Some fifty feet from the clearing, the little path we were on ended abruptly in a small mound.

"It's your vault, Currie," said Bartley.

His light rested on the massive wooden door of an old-fashioned burial vault dug out of the hillside and fastened securely by a large lock. As Bartley examined it, he gave a little whistle. "Well, Currie, that may be an old vault, and an old door, but the lock on it is modern. It has been placed there, within a short time. I am going to open it."

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ROYAL NEIGHBORS

The box social held in Catholic Hall last Thursday evening was a decided success. The hall was decorated with the R. N. colors and the pretty lunch boxes sold readily at \$1.00 each. Everyone enjoyed the musical program presented by Miss Elman and Mrs. John Murray, and the dance and games which followed. All present expressed the wish for another social evening soon.

HE'S COMING BACK

W. J. Ballard, a property owner here, stopped at the Herald office this week, on his way from Long Beach, where he spent the winter, to his home in Albany, Oregon. Mr. Ballard is a snappy, wide-awake business man, fully alive to the possibilities of Southern California, in general, and Torrance in particular. He subscribed for the Herald, so that he may keep in touch with developments here, and says he will return in the early fall.

HUNN RECITAL

The regular quarterly private piano recital of the pupils of Mrs. Charlotte M. Hunn of Plaza del Amo, was held at her home last Monday afternoon, from 4:00 to 6:00 o'clock. A contest between some of the more advanced pupils as to the best manner a certain piano selection was played was voted upon by the pupils, the largest number of votes going to Gertrude Jentsch of Torrance. Beatrice Stanley was second.

Refreshments were served, consisting of cakes, ice cream and candy. It being the sixteenth birthday anniversary of Gertrude Jentsch, a large birthday cake, ornamented with sixteen candles, was presented to her, and all enjoyed eating it. The afternoon was pleasantly spent and enjoyed by the pupils and teacher.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many kind friends for their sympathy and floral offerings in our recent bereavement, the death of our nephew, Allan McNiven.
MR. AND MRS. TOM MORRIS.

TRY A WANTED IN THIS PAPER.

(To Be Continued)